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Column No. 10

BOOM!

Today, foregoing levity, let us turn our keen young minds to the No. 1 problem facing American colleges today: the population explosion. Only last week four people exploded in Cleveland, Ohio—one of them while carrying a plate of soup. In case you're thinking such a thing couldn't happen anywhere but in Cleveland, let me tell you there were also two other cases last week—a 45 year old man in Provo, Utah, and a 19 year old girl in Bangor, Maine—and in addition there was a near-miss in Klamath Falls, Oregon—an eight year old boy who was saved only by the quick thinking of his cat Walter who pushed the phone off the hook with his muzzle and dialled the department of weights and measures. (It would perhaps have made more sense for Walter to dial the fire department, but one can hardly expect a cat to summon a fire engine which is followed by a Dalmatian, can one?)

I bring up the population explosion not to alarm you, for I feel certain that science will ultimately solve the problem. After all, has not science in recent years brought us such marvels as the transistor, the computer, the bevatron, and the Marlboro filter? Oh, what a saga of science was the discovery of the Marlboro filter! Oh, what a heart-rending epic of endless trial and error, of dedication and perseverance! And, in the end, what a triumph it was when the Marlboro scientists after years of testing and discarding one filter material after another—iron, nickel, lead, tin, antimony, sponge cake—finally emerged, tired but happy, from their laboratory, carrying in their hands the perfect filter cigarette! What rejoicing there was that day! Indeed, what rejoicing there still is whenever we light a Marlboro and settle back and enjoy that full-flavored smoke which comes to us in soft pack or flip-top box at tobacco counters in all fifty states and Cleveland!

Yes, science will ultimately solve the problems rising out of the population explosion, but in the meantime the problems hang heavy over America's colleges. This year will bring history's greatest rush of high school graduates. Where will we find classrooms and teachers for this gigantic new influx?

Well sir, some say the answer is to adopt the trimester system. This system, now in use at many colleges, eliminates summer vacations, has three semesters per annum instead of two, and compresses a four year course into three years.

This is good, but is it good enough? Even under the trimester system the student has occasional days off. Moreover his nights are utterly wasted in sleeping. Is this the kind of all-out attack that is indicated?

I say no. I say desperate problems call for desperate remedies. I say that partial measures will not solve this crisis. I say we must do no less than go to school every single day of the year. But that is not all. I say we must go to school *24 hours of every day!*

The benefits of such a program are, of course, obvious. First of all, the classroom shortage will immediately disappear because all the dormitories can be converted into classrooms. Second, the teacher shortages will immediately disappear because all the night watchmen can be put to work teaching calculus and Middle English poetry. And finally, overcrowding will immediately disappear because everyone will quit school.

Any further questions?

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Yes, one further question: Have you tried Marlboro's newest partner in pleasure—the unfiltered, king-size Philip Morris Commander? If not, by all means come aboard. You'll be glad you did.

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